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The Daily Tulean Dispatch: Magazine Section, August 1942

George "Jobo" J. Nakamura

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Magazine

SECTION



AUGUST
1942

THE DAILY TULEAN DISPATCH

Magazine Section

LET'S FACE REALITY

The current evacuation undoubtedly marks the turning point in the lifetime of thousands of young men like John Nisei.

He is being drawn resignedly into a future enveloped in darkness and assailing uncertainties.

Some of his friends have accepted evacuation with a sense of futility; and some approached it in anticipation of romance and frivolity of camp life; while others reacted with hopeless apathy.

Today, he is experiencing a transition which, unless extreme care and fortitude and understanding are exercised, may prove disastrous for him. An unhealthy distrust in democracy may result from any purely emotional reaction to the events which are playing upon him.

Cold logic of war must be presented to him. It must be pointed out that the Army, whose sole function is to fight the war, is acting on the premise that opportunity for sabotage and fifth-column activity can best be minimized by moving Japanese descendants inland.

He must be schooled with the knowledge that democracy is not a mere scrap of paper on which the Constitution is written, but the spontaneous acceptance of the ideals represented in it. And that only by participating in the gradual process of working for its ultimate fruition can he hope to see democracy attain its full stature.

Problems are tremendously complex and some are unforeseen. Unfortunate as the circumstances may be, John Nisei learned that in a community such as in an evacuation center, he tends to become an integral part of society and ceases to become an individual.

He also learned that he must not only live in the present but also in the future. Rehabilitation and adjustment to the post-war world will have to be worked out, for the war is not going to last forever. He must be summoned to the task of transforming into action knowledge of social and economic theories which he absorbed in school.

He is resolved to look to the future with all possible foresight, with a constructive program always in view, and with the strength that is derived from an indomitable inner spirit. A determination to carry this task to completion may enable John Nisei to lift his face to the sun unblinded with illusions.

-G.J.N.



ARTHUR MISAKI -- Our cover drawing is the work of an accomplished artist whose sketches have appeared in number of national magazines including "Esquire". Misaki, formerly of California School of Fine Arts, teaches in the Project's Adult Education classes.

PHILOSOPHY MAJOR
: MALE

"I am
A self-determined being."
Slowly, solemnly,
Many times.

"I am
A self-determined being."

Armed with an A.B.
One self-determined being
Against the world.

Glittering stars--
And one fragile moon:
Yards of tulle and lace
Langorous notes
Dripping softly.

Blond or red head,
Weary old moon's the same.

O self-determined being!
Scamper back to safety,
You need a Ph. D.

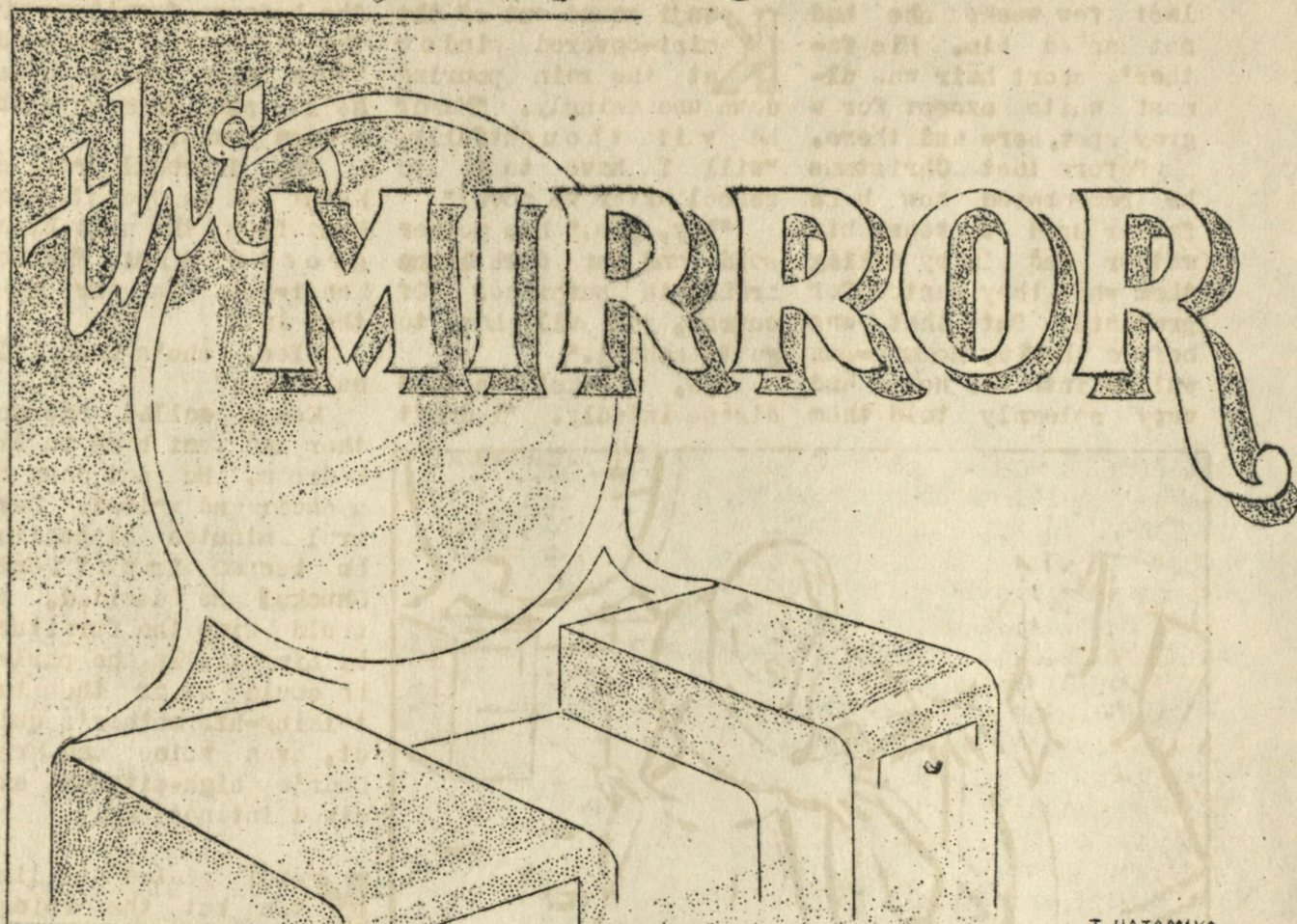
by Constance Murayama

THIS MAGAZINE is published semi-monthly by The Daily Tulean Dispatch, War Relocation Authority, Newell, Calif. Office of Publication, Building #1608. John D. Cook, Publication Advisor. Geo. J. Nakanura, Editor. Stanley Sugiyama, Manager. Masao Inada, Dick Kurihara, Art Editors. Masaye Saito and Hilo Hasegawa, Production. All manuscripts must be typewritten and double-spaced, and must be accompanied with name and address of the author. Feature articles should not exceed 900 words and short stories, not more than 1100.

Miss Murayama is a U.C. grad in English. Has contributed poems to college publications including "Grizzly" and "Pelican".

Her poignant short story "Pattern of a Coda" will be featured in the next issue.

THE TULEAN DISPATCH MAGAZINE

Presents . .

T. HATAMIYA

BY ARTHUR MORIMITSU AUTHOR OF "GRASS",
"THE BARBER" & OTHERS

For a week now the house had been upset with crated furniture, bundles tagged and bulging, all stacked up in the back room. His father, gray-haired and stoop-shouldered, a serious look on his usually smiling face, did not stop to ask him questions about school anymore. The boy had asked his mother why they had to move, but she had only replied:

"Kenji, the Army people want us to move so we are moving."

"Where are we moving?" he asked.

"I don't know," his mother replied and the weariness in her voice warned Kenji that she did not wish to talk.

Outside he saw the rain pattering against the window panes, then bubbling and frothing out of the drain pipe at the corner of the house. For weeks now it seemed, the downpour had not ceased and the murky gray sky,

downcast and heavy did not give promise of relief. Kenji wished it would stop raining so he could visit his friends on the next block. He saw them every day at the Lincoln Grammar school but ever since curfew his mother would not let him out after supper. He wished the war would end soon. Then he could go out and play after dark, and, better yet, Masa would return from the Army. He would like to be a soldier like his older brother but since he was only ten he would have to wait a long time.

Kenji turned away from the window and hands in pockets walked over to his mother who was sewing a label on a large canvas bag.

"Mama," he said, "will we come back to this house?"

"I don't know," his mother said as she bent over the sewing machine and stepped on the tread-

le. Kenji looked curiously at the needle almost invisible in its rapid up and down movement.

"Kenji," his mother said without looking up from her sewing, "what did your teacher say to you yesterday at the party?"

"She didn't say much," Kenji answered. "She said if we left school we are to write to her and let her know how we are getting along in our new homes."

"What did the other boys and girls say to the Japanese children?"

"Oh," Kenji said importantly, "they all wanted us to write to them and let them know what kind of a place we will live in."

His mother smiled and her lips quivered softly. The sewing machine whirled harshly as she treadled and the needle threaded the label onto the canvas bag.

Kenji noticed that his mother's face seemed lined

at the cheeks and that the gray hair had increased in her thick black hair. She always wanted him to pull out the gray ones but the last few weeks she had not asked him. His father's short hair was almost white except for a gray spot, here and there.

Before last Christmas he remembered how his father used to tease his mother and him by asking them what they wanted for presents. But that was before the day Nomura-san walked into the house and very solemnly told them

the label and sighing, reached for another one.

"No, Kenji," she said, "we'll sleep in a big house."

Kenji gazed out of the mist-covered window at the rain pouring down unceasingly. "Mama," he said thoughtfully, "will I have to go to school after we move?"

"Why, yes," his mother said and her dark brows arched in surprise. "Of course, you will have to go to school."

"Aw, shucks!" he said disappointedly. "I don't

"You will have to help me pack."

"What shall I do?" he said eagerly, glad to change the subject.

"You can help me wrap the bedroom furniture with the blankets," she said. "When papa comes home, he'll put them into the wooden boxes."

The doorbell rang so Kenji ran to open it. Mrs. Noda from the next block greeted him: "Hello, Kenji-san. Is your mother in?"

"Yes, she's in. I'll call her."

Kenji called his mother and went back to the bedroom. He sat down on a chair and waited. Several minutes elapsed and he became impatient. Shucks! He decided, he would wrap the furniture by himself. In the parlor he could hear the two talking—his mother's quiet, even voice and Mrs. Noda's high-pitched, excited intonations.

Kenji paused to listen but the voices became too low for him to overhear, so he resumed packing.

His mother's bedroom set would be the first. He would have to do a good job because his mother valued it more than any other furniture in the house. It was a new three piece set: a smooth shiny brown chest, a big bed with a mattress guaranteed to last for years, and best of all, a vanity with a huge round mirror.

Kenji remembered the day the set came; that was only a few months before Masa had gone into the Army. His brother had warned him: "Kenji, don't tell mama about the furniture. I want to surprise her."

When his mother came home from a visit to a neighbor and saw the new furniture in the bedroom, she stood still, her eyes wandering about in wonderment.

"What a beautiful set!" she finally said, caressing the vanity and gazing at her smiling reflection in the mirror. Kenji saw Masa grin with pride.

"You like it, mama?" his brother asked, all (Cont. on page 7)



that Japan and the United States were at war.

That day his father and mother talked to each other in whispers, and Kenji felt lost as he tried to find out what was going on; but he did not dare to ask. His parents went about silently—almost moodily, and every day the tension seemed to increase.

Kenji leaned on the chair his mother was sitting on and watched her busy fingers pull the bag and the label on it slowly under the whirling needle.

"Did all the Japanese boys and girls get presents?" his mother asked.

"Yes," Kenji said absent-mindedly. His eyes were attracted to the label his mother stitched onto the large bag. "What are we going to put into that bag?" he asked.

"Oh, everything. Blankets, pillows, sheets and clothings."

"Are we going to sleep in tents?"

His mother finished

wanna go to school. All the boys say there isn't any use studying anymore. Toshio Nakamura's big brother quit college and said he doesn't want to be a lawyer now."

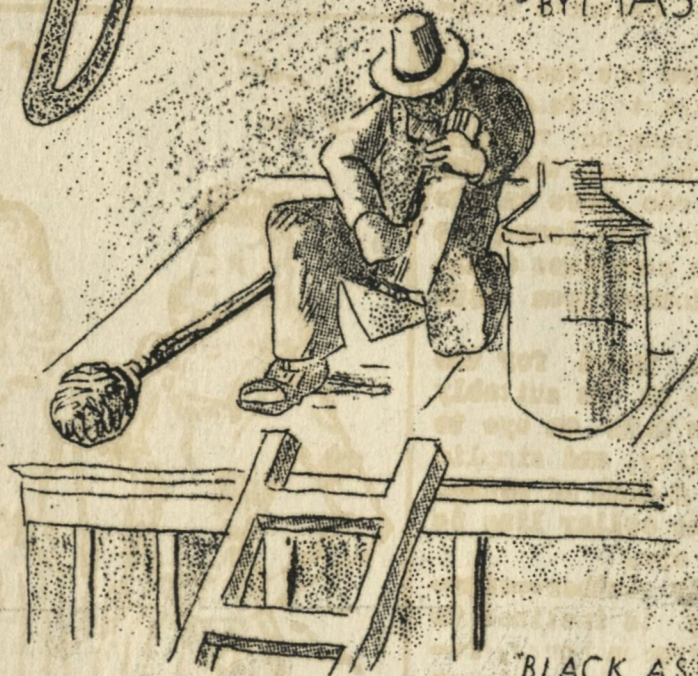
"Don't pay any attention to the other boys," his mother said soberly. "Your father and I want you to get as much schooling as you can. Nobody knows, but someday you will be able to make use of your education."

Kenji pouted. What was education ten or fifteen years from now? Everybody he knew said the war was going to last just about that long. And all the Japanese would be sent to Japan or be treated worse than Negroes. Even now some of the hakujin kids called him and other Japanese boys "Japs", and swore at them.

"Kenji," his mother said as she got up from the sewing machine to carry the canvas bags over to the trunk where the other bags and clothings lay in a neat pile:

Life at TULE LAKE

BY MAS INADA



"BLACK AS _____"



"GOTTA KEEP IT BOILING _____"



"NOW LISTEN HERE YOU _____!"



"KEEP IT STRAIGHT
KEEP IT STRAIGHT _____!"

ETERNAL FEMININE

TULE LAKE FASHION AT A GLANCE

As yet, no attempt has been made to comb the Center for a young woman who measures up to the standards of perfection in the field of even fashion. However promenading here and there--attention has been eyed toward the young women who decorate the Center's business offices.

The business girls are now facing a world of sharp new contrasts, fewer opportunities, swiftly changing values. In today's realm of fashion, the word "thrift" is the new credo more in emphasis than ever before. No longer is that current phenomenon sometimes called a society manikin looked upon with good taste.

The latest fashion trend for the well dressed, which is to be suitably dressed, is to follow with an eye to practicability, durability, and simplicity as its key note. A dash of crispness perhaps around the collar line is always pleasing to the eye.

A glance at the daily weather--especially when the mercury is inclined to soar upward during afternoon hours; reveals the choice of smart emphasis on seersuckers. Also following the trend of popularity are slacks suits and variety of blouses to add zest to the outfit.

A close runner-up in fashion interest in this community it seems is the overwhelming preference for dirndl skirts of percale or seersucker. Here it is with joy that attention can be focused on colors. Little gaiety worn quietly--exercising pleasing taste in choice of bright shades with the ultimate goal of looking invariably becoming is a good advice.

It seems to be the opinion of many that in spite of the war, the fashion world should be kept from changing too radically. For one thing, the majority will be wearing what is on hand, finding enjoyment while doing so. We might as well.

Among the very chic version of appropriately dressed viewed at a glance is Alice Abe of Canteen 27. The cool and refreshing look, suggesting decidedly feminine lines is Miss Abe.

Skirts and blouses are much favored too. Wearing them with dash and spirit is Mae Joe, although she prefers slacks when mercury decides to fall.

Presenting a classic look is Miyoko Nishimura novelizing the tailored touches in her blouses and giving a softer tendencies in her suits.

Teiko Mafune and Jean Negata answer to the example of arresting attire consisting of beige color. Jean usually highlights her pleated skirts with white blouses stressing her preference for tailored lines.

Reflecting wartime smartness too in

FRANCES OKAMOTO



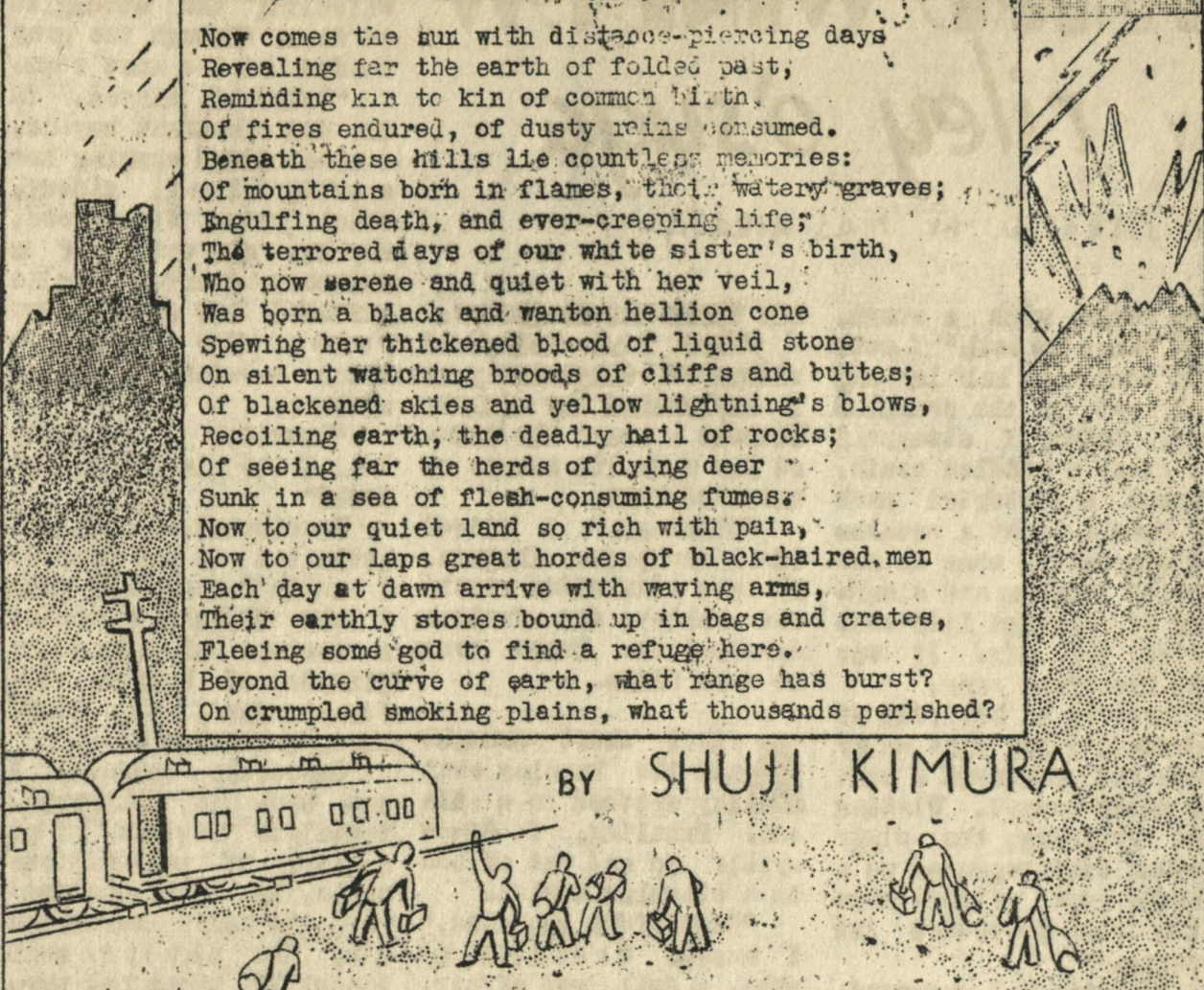
color and choice of material is Mrs. Ayako Kumamoto, ideally wearing an interesting dirndl skirt of dotted gay seersucker of cotton.

The Hawaiian influence suddenly seems to have taken possession of the younger sets, as vivid tropical scenes of palm trees and rooms of ocean beach weave patterns in their blouses and skirts. Then too the artistic hands are busily engaged in the making of leis of crepe papers enclosing variety of colors through them. Setting a good example are the Inaya sisters of Canteen 27. Their choices are varied with Hawaiian patterns with accent of harmonious leis.

And do you know something creative in line of accessories? The something original is the creation of self-made necklaces of sea shells complemented with different hues of blues or pinks and greens. The secret of which is the old stand-by--plain ink.

THE BUTTE

POULI LAKE 1932



Now comes the sun with distance-piercing days
Revealing far the earth of folded past;
Reminding kin to kin of common birth,
Of fires endured, of dusty rains consumed.
Beneath these hills lie countless memories:
Of mountains born in flames, their watery graves;
Engulfing death, and ever-creeping life;
The terror'd days of our white sister's birth,
Who now serene and quiet with her veil,
Was born a black and wanton hellion cone
Spewing her thickened blood of liquid stone
On silent watching broods of cliffs and buttes;
Of blackened skies and yellow lightning's blows,
Recoiling earth, the deadly hail of rocks;
Of seeing far the herds of dying deer
Sunk in a sea of flesh-consuming fumes.
Now to our quiet land so rich with pain,
Now to our laps great hordes of black-haired men
Each day at dawn arrive with waving arms,
Their earthly stores bound up in bags and crates,
Fleeing some god to find a refuge here.
Beyond the curve of earth, what range has burst?
On crumpled smoking plains, what thousands perished?

BY SHUJI KIMURA

THE MIRROR (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

though he could see she was overjoyed.

Kenji did not know what the set had cost, but his mother later confided in him that it wasn't the price of the furniture that counted; it was Masa's thoughtfulness. He knew that his mother was hoping that her next wish, if it ever came true, would be a nice house of their own. The one they lived in was all right but it did not belong to them.

Kenji gazed at his reflection in the big mirror, then tried to remember how his father had wrapped the bureau in the other bedroom. First, he decided, the mirror would have to come off, then the rest would be easy.

He looked for the screwdriver for he knew the mirror was screwed to the vanity. His mother and Mrs. Noda were still talking. He overheard them on his way back. He would surprise his mother, Kenji thought, and smile

ed proudly. She always treated him like a boy, but now he would show her that he could do a man's work. The screws came out easier than he had expected. He saw three others attached to the mirror, so he loosened those. Slipping down from the chair, he cautiously moved to the front of the vanity. And then it happened!

The crash was like a shell exploding and it wasn't until his mother and Mrs. Noda came running into the room that he saw what was left of the mirror scattered about the room.

"Kenji!" his mother cried in horror, "what happened?"

The boy looked at the floor covered with tiny bits of glass.

"Kenji!" she repeated searching his face anxiously. "Are you hurt?"

"No, mama," he finally managed to speak, "I'm not hurt."

"Ara, ara!" Mrs. Noda exclaimed, clucking her tongue, "that nice mirror is broken to pieces."

"What are you trying to do?" his mother said angrily, now that she knew Kenji was not injured. "Who told you to take that mirror down?"

Kenji stared at the floor. The tears began to well in his eyes and his mouth quivered. He knew he had done the wrong thing but he had not meant to break the mirror.

"It dropped by itself," he said guiltily, and he felt the warm tears begin to trickle down his cheeks.

His mother frowned the way she did when she was disturbed and stepped over the broken glasses to examine the vanity.

"It's scratched a little," she said partly to herself.

"What a shame," Mrs. Noda said. "Well, I'll have to go home before one of my boys breaks something."

(Cont. on page 9)

NEXT BARRACK THIRD WINDOW

BY *riley o'suga*

ILLUSTRATED BY MAS MURATA

I awoke with a start. "What the hell," I muttered as I half lay and half sat in the crumpled bed. Vainly I attempted to clear a muddled brain, square a distorted pack of Camels, light a squashed cigarette, when an assorted jangling and clashing of garbage lids animated the air. It was the breakfast gong.

Drawing a bellyful of tobacco, I lay flat on my back and puckered a shot of smoke upward. Winding and gyrating, the wispy column disintegrated as a sudden gust of cool morning wind prevented its escape.

"Inertia," I muttered, lying displeased and sleepy only as a man in bed can be. I gazed without reason at the rafters and counted knots in the roof.

"God, eighty five knots," I grumbled as a screen of smoke belched forth through my mouth and nostrils. The winding aura and sparkling dust created an animated attraction in the sun's rays.

"Amazing," I murmured, "Looks like a mass flight to the sun." Lowering my gaze, I scanned the rugged sea of blankets. It was a scheme of highlights and shadows. White sheets were intensified by the sun; the U.S. Army wools were fast becoming uncomfortably hot. As I wriggled into a different position a buzzing fly made an indiscriminate landing on a crest of a blanket. An outstretched arm swiftly arched its way over the hump and came to a stop...a clenched fist. In a moment I shook my fist to feel the presence of the entrapped insect: no feel. Gently I relax-

ed; there was no answer.

"What the hell," I whispered disgustedly as I unclenched my fist. Without a sound the doomed fly made its escape on borrowed time.

"Strategy," I voiced with surprise chagrin. My eyes scanned the crests and valleys for further dissipation. There were no more flies.

A final short draught and the burning stub lay crushed in a tin can. Exhaling, I drew myself up and out of bed in a singular motion.

"Beautifully executed," I mused. Grabbing my robe, a dull red affair, I wrapped it loosely around myself and staggered to face a mirror nailed onto a window sill. Whistling dryly and off key as only a parched throat can produce, I ran a comb through my mane. I whistled:

"Remember Pearl Harbor
As we did the Alamo..."
and once again

"Remember Pearl Harbor
As we did the Alamo..."

"Christ!" I thought, "What is that?" From the

next barrack third window, a throaty voiced female was singing: Frankie and Johnnie. I stopped whistling and struggled to focus through the gray shadows of the next room.

"God," I hissed. In the dim apartment beyond, a woman stood combing her shoulder long, glossy, black hair. With grace, rhythm, and vanity of a sensuous creature, she caressed her soft raven waves. Her voluptuous voice carried the ballad of love.

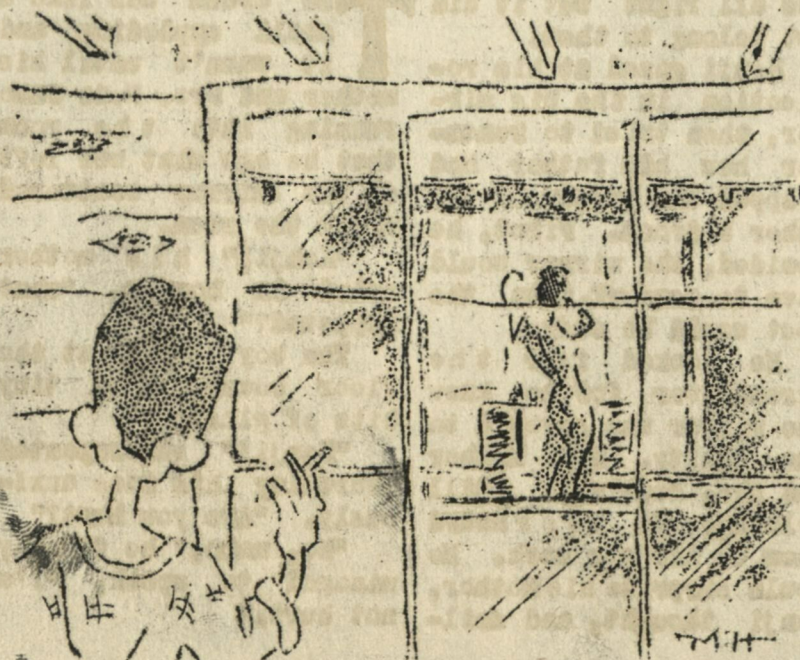
"Dammit," I moaned, "all I see is her goddam back!"

Fascinated, I remained attracted to the window. I couldn't see her; yet, I knew she was magnetic. A montage of love: a glimpse of beauty, the first word, the first kiss, a proposal...

One...two seconds, I was back in Hollywood. Nostalgic scenes, the corral of supercilious souls, the multi-colored bar, the heavy murderous air, the omnipresent stench of sweat and perfume, of tobacco and gin, the gurgle of a snoring drunk, a faded cynic, the raucous cry of appeased appetites, a soubrette, the female gay, a black haired beauty, my girl. She pleaded: "Ritchie, please, I don't want a hurt you...but I ain't going to marry you."

A few moments elapsed. And then suddenly, a thin, high pitched whining child's voice sang out: "Mam!" A crashing cymbal.

(Cont. on page 9)



THE MIRROR

(Continued)

While his mother went to the front door with Mrs. Noda, Kenji stood in the room and trembled at the idea of a scolding that would probably come.

"I didn't mean to break it," he assured himself. "I just wanted to help."

When his mother came back, Kenji waited for her to scold him but though she looked again at the broken mirror she did not say anything. Finally, he could not bear the silence.

"I just wanted to help you pack," he said meekly.

"Go get the dustpan and the broom," she said but her tone was not angry.

Kenji hurried to the back. Maybe mama isn't angry at me, he thought hopefully. When he returned with the broom and the dustpan he saw his mother standing by the window, looking intently at the ground-wet and filled with puddles that caught the steady fall of raindrops cascading down the low hanging clouds.

Kenji stood by his mother for several minutes while she looked out meditatively at the downpour. Maybe she's thinking of the broken mirror, Kenji thought and became worried again.

"When will it all clear up?" he heard his mother say, almost to herself.

Kenji looked at her but saw her gazing up at the dark sky.

"It won't rain soon now, mama," he said confidently.

His mother looked down at him and her dark eyes softened.

"No, Kenji," she said patting his head. "It won't rain all the time. Now you go and put your skates and baseball equipment into the box I got for your things."

Kenji grinned happily. Mama isn't angry at him, he thought, "otherwise she wouldn't let me pack my things. But he wondered why she had not scolded him. Was it because they had to move out and she was afraid?"

No, he decided, it couldn't be that. Aloud

ONE MORE TIME

One more time
I'll give it a chance--
This crazy heart wants romance.

One more time
I'll believe and trust.
I'll bet she'll kick it in the dust.

One more time
"I love you dear."
I'll hold you close and feel you near.

One more time
I'll take the line
And if it fails then one more time.

BY KIYO

LONG BLACKHAIR

O, wave and tangle, long black hair,
About her cheeks or fingers kist
In golden pool of lamp-lit mist,
Mixed with the burning incense rare;
Wave, wave on perfume softly there,
By magic touched, into a twist
Of curl that falls as from her wrist
Upon the breast of beauty bare.

O, wave and tangle, wave again,
And wrap me on her bosom beat
Like long long black seaweed in the sea;
Above whose ardor I am fain
For what love seeks I find too sweet,
Sad with its joy in ecstasy.

BY KEN YASUDA

NEXT BARRACK. THIRD WINDOW

(Continued)

"Mommie." A roaring wave. married, my thoughts
"Come here." A pistol whispered. I gazed with
shot. The tingle of broken glass, the note of a sagging chin at the next
single reed, of mute falling snow: my wandering mind returned. She's barrack; unbelieving.

he said, "Maybe when Masa returns he'll buy another mirror, won't he mama?" "Yes, baby," the woman with the throaty voice answered. Silence. A fathomless depth. I sat down, numbed, comb in hand, an unheeded soul. The lust ballad of tragedy was no more.

His mother smiled and nodded. "Yes, Kenji, when Masa returns he'll buy another. By then the war will be over and we will go back to our home. But now, we'll let papa do the rest of the packing." "What the hell," I grinned, "just another broad." I shrugged my shoulders, stood up, and continued to comb my hair. I whistled: Remember Pearl Harbor. The mockery of fate...the next barrack, third window was forgotten.

Reassured, Kenji rushed headlong from the room... whistling.

THE END

THE END

(Hiroshi Sugawara writes under the pen-name of "Riley O'Suga").

She works in one of the mess halls. Her face, tanned by Wal-erga's blazing sun, gleams golden-tan and her lips are full and red.

We sat in the mess hall dumbly passing the food to our mouths watched her little lithe figure glide up and down the hall. "Milk? Tea?" She is always smiling and obliging.

"Is there any more salad?" demanded a gruff voice from the rear. She scurried down and an empty dish with slimy mayonnaise dripping over the side was passed to her.

The girl hurried back from the kitchen with the dish refilled brim with green vegetable salad. "Gee, it's hot in here!" She panted between short breath and shyly wiped the tiny beads of perspiration off her nose with her fingers.

"Who is she?"

Mas who sat with me, rubbed my elbow. The girl was not particularly good-looking but there was something about her that attracted his fancy and mine.

"I think she lives over in the next block," I answered. "She's just out of high school and couldn't be more than eighteen. Why?"

"Nothing," he said uneasily.

At dusk, she came home swinging her blue apron. Her face was flushed red by the sweating steam heat of dish washing; but there was the crisp young vigor, an aura about her.

The crystal-clear evening breeze had a soothing effect on her warm face and she flung her abundant hair freely in the air. I asked Mas,

"What was the score in your game against 'Double Shufflers'?" I understand, you pitched."

Sun was melting in the western hills. White snow cap on Mt. Shasta transformed into a reddish-purple tinge. This ended abruptly, and was bordered by a beautiful blue, merged in the very pale blue of the higher

sky. She walked away in the sun, pink and gold tinted on her form.

"Er...we won, 7 to 3"

But Mas was thinking of the warm, smiling eyes, her long hair flung in the cool evening breeze. I knew he was carried away and I couldn't blame him.

I sat at the mess table eating slowly, waiting for Mas to join me. The mess hall hummed busy with activities and I noticed her running up and down the aisle with a pitcher of

skidded ten feet away intact.

Awkward with the confusion of the moment, Mas was too embarrassed to look at the people laughing mirthfully, and he picked the bread up clumsily and quickly seated himself without once looking up.

Yet he remembered that just for an instant his eyes met hers, and then he turned away, embarrassed. Her eyes sparkling dark brown, more beautiful than any eyes he had ever seen.

Mas ate quietly beside me wishing that his heart would stop pounding. He had looked into her eyes; and, he thought, hopelessly, because he could never tell her what it meant.

A thousand stars glittered in the dark blue sea which was the midnight sky. The last strain of "Star Dust" had droned away and the dark rows of barracks hushed in stillness.

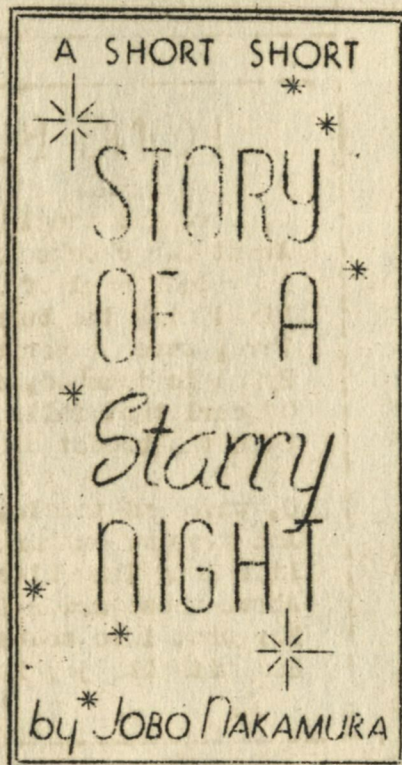
Mas and I trod home from a dance under a big green, round moon hanging wastefully above. It was humid, stuffy and crowded at the dance hall and it felt good to draw in a lungful of the clear cold air. Still a faint wisp of perfume and the soft haunting melodies of "Star Dust" lingered in my head.

Just ahead I noticed a shadow of a boy and a girl walking hand in hand. Her face was up-lifted in the moonlight smiling at the tall boy. She squeezed his hand. Little pin-points of stars above blinked and showered their silvery dust upon the two.

We recognized the girl at once; her full red lips, the hair that curled on her brow. She was the girl who worked in the mess hall.

A feeling of loneliness must have clutched Mas's heart and the earth he was standing on fell beneath him. He nudged me away and we took another course home.

We changed our mess hall.



milk in one hand and a pitcher of tea in the other.

"Milk? Tea?" Men and women were too busy eating and guzzling to look up and at least say, "No, thank you." A man with greasy brown gravy smeared over his mouth, piped up.

"Could you get me some more slices of bread and butter? Placing the pitchers on the table, she ran back to the pantry in flurried haste. Mas had just come running in from the other door. Upon sighting me at the other side of the hall, he sharply turned a corner and collided headlong into her as she rushed back with a plate of sliced bread and butter.

All eyes turned suddenly on them. Slices of bread littered the floor and the plate of butter